

Henry Clay's Resolutions.

The following are the resolutions offered by Henry Clay at his Lexington meeting.

1st. Resolved, As the opinion of this meeting that the primary cause of the present unhappy War existing between the United States of America and the U. S. of the Republic of Mexico was the Annexation of Texas to the former, and the immediate occasion of hostilities between the two Republics arose out of the order of the President of the United States for the removal of the army under the command of Gen. Taylor from its position at Corpus Christi to a point opposite Matamoros on the east bank of the Rio Bravo, within the territory claimed by both Republics, but then under jurisdiction of Mexico, and inhibited by its citizens—that the order of the President for the removal of the army to that point was imprudent and unconstitutional, it being without the concurrence of Congress, or even consultation with it, although it was in session; but that Congress having by its subsequent acts recognized the war thus brought into existence without its previous authority or consent, the prosecution of it became thereby national.

2d. Resolved, That in the absence of any formal and public declaration by Congress of the objects for which the War ought to be prosecuted, the President of the United States, as Chief Magistrate, or Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, is left to the guidance of his own judgment to prosecute it for such purposes and objects as he may deem the honor and interest of the nation to require.

3d. Resolved, That by the Constitution of the United States, Congress—being invested with power to declare war and grant letters of marque and reprisal, to make rules concerning captures by land and water, to raise and support armies, to provide and maintain a navy, and to make rules for the government of the land and naval forces—has the fullest and most complete war-making power of the people of the United States, and, so possessing it, has a right to determine upon the motives, causes and objects of a war, when once commenced, or at any time during the progress of its existence.

4th. Resolved, As the further opinion of this meeting, that it is the duty of Congress to declare, by some authentic act, for what purpose and object the existing war ought to be further prosecuted—that it is the duty of the President, in his official capacity, to conform to such a declaration of Congress; and if after such declaration the President should decline or refuse to endeavor by all the means, civil, diplomatic and military, in his power, to execute the announced will of Congress, and in defiance of its authority, should continue to prosecute the War for purposes and objects other than those declared by that body, it would become the right and duty of Congress to adopt the most efficacious measures to arrest the further progress of the War, taking care to make ample provision for the honor, the safety and security of our armies in Mexico in every contingency; and if Mexico should decline or refuse to conclude a treaty with us, stipulating for the purposes and objects so declared by Congress, it would be the duty of the Government to prosecute the War with the utmost vigor, until they were attained by a Treaty of Peace.

5th. Resolved, That we view with serious alarm, and are utterly opposed to any purpose like the Annexation of Mexico to the United States in any mode, and especially by conquest; that we believe the two nations could not be happily governed by one common authority, owing to their great differences of race, law, language, and religion, and the vast extent of their respective territories and large amount of their respective populations, that such a union, against the consent of the exasperated Mexican people, could only be effected and preserved by large standing armies, the constant application of military force—in other words, by despotic away exercised over the Mexican people in the first instance, but which, there would be, just cause to apprehend, might, in process of time, be extended over the people of the United States; that we deprecate, therefore, such a union as wholly incompatible with the genius of our Government and with the character of our free and liberal institutions; and we anxiously hope that each nation may be left in the undisturbed possession of its own laws, language, cherished religion and territory, to pursue its own happiness according to what it may deem best for itself.

6th. Resolved, That, considering the series of splendid and brilliant victories achieved by our brave armies and their gallant commanders during the War with Mexico, unattended by a single reverse, the United States, without any danger of their honor suffering the slightest tarnish, can practice the virtue of moderation and magnanimity toward their discomfited foes; and say, We have no desire for the dismemberment of the Republic of Mexico but wish only a just and proper adjustment of the limit of Texas.

7th. Resolved, That we do positively and emphatically disclaim and disavow any wish or desire on our part to acquire any foreign territory whatever for the purpose of propagating Slavery, or of introducing Slavery from the United States into any such foreign territory.

8th. Resolved, That we invite our fellow-citizens of the United States, who are anxious for the restoration of the blessings of Peace, or desirous, if the existing War shall continue to be prosecuted, that its purpose and object shall be defined and known—who are anxious to avert the present and future perils and dangers with which it may be fraught—and who are also anxious to produce contentment and satisfaction at home, and to elevate the National character abroad—to assemble together in their respective communities and express their views, feelings and opinions on the subject.

Southern Chivalry.

Maria was the daughter of a wealthy, titled father, who had not intended her for a market, and so educated her; but debt, and a tempting offer from a bachelor merchant induced him to dispose of her. The purchaser brought her to the city, and placed her in a house ready furnished, as mistress. She, while she was yet frantic with distress at parting from all she had held dear, he made known his expectations that she was to part with honor also. For some weeks he persevered in the character of lover, and was met with tears, contrition, remembrance, and scorn, until he put on the master, and refused to force a willing submission. For two weeks he kept her confined to a room, on a small allowance of bread and water, and

with the aid of his clerk, bound and scourged her again and again, until her person was completely lacerated, and she learned to answer his repeated proposals with bitter curses, and finally he became so exasperated, that he sent her to the workhouse, and there had her whipped at the public whipping post, by the public executioner, being determined to humble her. Amid all this suffering and continually she never flinched, but only cursed him the more bitterly—answered him the more scornfully. The affair had leaked out, and awakened some female sympathy. The neighbors had become acquainted with her treatment at his house. He had sent her to prison merely on a charge of disobedience. The nature of that disobedience was known, but there was no law for her defence; she was properly. The fear of public indignation, and the hopelessness of accomplishing his purpose, led him to sell her to a lady who had interested herself about Maria, and purchased her for a waiting maid. All this happened early in the Spring of 1839, during a visit I made home. I never heard, it spoken of except by a few women, all of whom are slaveholders save one. I could find no reason to doubt it, as they thought nothing strange in the affair, but Maria's firmness. She was represented as tall, and commanding in figure—of uncommon beauty, and nearly white; and before her release, worn almost to a skeleton. Correspondent of the *Albion*.

COMMUNICATIONS.

FRIENDS EDITORS:—

Profession is one thing, and practice quite another. A church is one thing, and a mere organization another. If an attempt to find the true church should be made, among the various associations around us, the individual making the effort would without doubt have an exceedingly arduous task. Where at the present day do we find in the church an exemplification of anything Christ-like? There are in existence almost any number of organizations, which style themselves churches; but it is difficult to discern anything connected with their acts, which would for a moment distinguish them as "the elect." To be sure they assemble themselves together one day in seven, pass through certain forms of worship, and then depart, and this is all. Aside from this, we see nothing. If any reform is in progress, no matter how closely allied to the principles of Christianity its measures may be, these bodies, in lieu of urging it onward, commence an inveterate war of extermination upon the advocates of the enterprise.

This ever has been the case—it was so in the time of Christ. The Doctors of Law, the Priests, those who professed to be versed in the exegesis of the Mosiac Law, were foremost in conferring upon Christ the cognomen of "babbling," of declaring that he promulgated blasphemy—cast out devils by Beelzebub the prince of devils, &c. It has been so from that time down to the present. D. D.'s have ever been hurling their anathemas upon the devoted heads of Reformers. Not upon pretended Reformers—for they themselves would first fall victims—but upon practical Reformers, and in view of their practice. Without mentioning every instance which verifies the truth of this assertion, the Temperance Reformation furnishes an apt illustration. In the preliminary stages of this reform, its advocates were obliged to assemble in barns, private houses, &c., and in the streets. Why? Forsooth, the doors of the church were closed, and the Priests were crying "wolf!" The pulpit then sustained "drunk-driving from the Bible." The world was then obliged to be the "city upon a hill"—the "true light"—but by unceasing efforts, having continually to cope with the church as its greatest obstacle, it ultimately so infused "light" into the church that these bodies now, many of them, make fidelity to these very temperance measures, one of the tests of membership. Now we inquire in all candor, during the temperance reform where was the true Church? Was it in these associations which barred their houses against a Theodore Weld and other advocates of this cause, if possibly they might stay the progress of its principles, and thereby prevent their hallowed influence in effecting the renovation of man from the sinks of pollution, beggary and crime, into which intemperance had sunk him? God forbid. Where then was the "true church"? Let the reader answer this interrogatory for himself.

Again, the anti-slavery question from its incipient stages until the present time, has progressed against the stern, wholesale opposition of the church. When Garrison was dragged through the streets of Boston, who were the investigators of that diabolical mob? Who, in part comprised the mob? Why church-members! While now it is almost impossible to find a member who does not profess attachment to the principles Garrison then advocated. But now where is this professed church of Christ? Precisely where she always has been, and doing up her work admirably. She is now very zealous, and in fact she is obliged to be. It is all the Priest can do now days to protect the elect. No expectation is entertained of increasing the number. It is thought worthy of note if all the members can be kept within the fold. Every Sabbath brings the pulpit cry of infidelity. The people, and especially the young people, are cautioned against "modern infidelity," "apostate christianity," &c. A contention that is made at something, no one knows what, but every one guesses. The minister perhaps, delivers a series of discourses upon the inquiry, "What is Bible Christianity?" The sermons come and go, and what are they? Can any one tell? No one but the deacon, and he says they are designed

for Abby Kelley infidels. In this instance as usual, no effort in the least, is made to meet the arguments of those upon whom they are tigerly pouncing. But they are branded as infidels because they call upon the church to cast out the beam that is in her own eye, before she seeks to cast out motes from others—because they demand that she should "heal herself," before she attempts to distribute the "balm of Gilead" to others—because they believe in "doing good" rather than evil on the Sabbath—because they choose rather to "remember them that are in bonds as bound with them," upon the Sabbath even, than meet for the purpose of paying "tithes of anise, mint and cummin," and pass through the misty forms of "be ye warmed, be ye filled," &c., and the remaining six days set the past of miserable hypocrites. There, and these alone furnish the sole reasons for venting their endless vituperation upon the advocates of Disunion.

Again, in all soberness we inquire, where is the true church? Is it in these demagogic bodies? Alas! then, for the residue of mankind.

HARVEY W. CUMMINS.

Morgan, Ashabula co., O.
November 15th, 1847.

NORTH NEWBERRY, NOV. 14, '47.

FRIENDS EDITORS:—

You express a sense of delicacy in referring to the expenses of Wm. Lloyd Garrison in connection with his sickness. I was sorry it was so, and I said in my own mind, no response will come up to that call—its too timid. Opposed as I am to frequent and unreasonable demands on the slave's friends for cash, and knowing well from long experience the shameful want of a spirit of cheerful giving on the part of Abolitionists, especially Liberty party men, yet the present is a case in which no "delicacy" should suppress the conviction that \$100 must be raised to pay that bill.

To be plain, I take it for granted that friend Garrison is not able to lose that sum, from the small fund he has invested in his multiplied anti-slavery labors.

His tour to Ohio was made at a great sacrifice, but he was willing to make it, and the sickness consequent upon it occasioned a loss of invaluable time from his precious labors for the slave. He was teased and scorched with a vexatious fever, he was sick among strangers far away from the endearments and care of his anxious family. This was enough to suffer and lose on his part, and positively know that we who wish to do it, shall raise the money, as if you please, hand over. I speak seriously. Our Anti-Slavery Editors are the most needy and worthy class of men in the land; Liberty party started to do six of its best Editors in a single year, and no Disunionist dare be guilty of such murder. Kill the slave by cutting out his tongue, horrible! excusable! I hear you say. Well the Editor is the slave's tongue, he can't speak for himself, or his wife, or his child, loaded with fetters, torn with the lash, choked with the gag. And has not friend Garrison opened his mouth for the dumb—has he not pleaded for the poor dumb slave with his life in his hand? Has not his cheerful voice, reached to their darkest prison?—shall we leave him free still to rally the hosts against oppression?

I send but \$1.00, for fear some one would lose the pleasure of giving. I shall send \$5.00 more in a few days if the cash is not forthcoming, and some five of you will lose this happy chance to give to the slave thro' his noblest, warmest, boldest, bravest, big-hearted and most generous friend.

Yours for the sick man,

B. W. RICHMOND.

FRIENDS EDITORS:—

Perhaps some of the Anti-Slavery friends have not forgotten the (Rev.) Abah Keller of literary fame, and his holding forth on the Anti-Slavery cause, in his defamatory manner at Randolph in the Methodist meeting house at that place, which was gulped down by some of his hearers, for ought I know, every word of it, with hearty assent! I only notice him, to introduce the House, in which he figured, and which was denied us for a reply &c. Although the House has not been scathed by lightning, as has its neighbor, the Congregational, after it was bolted against us; yet it has been opened by order of those in "charge," not for Anti-Slavery, but for quite another purpose, more in keeping with the times. A man was accused of committing a rape. The House was wanted for the trial. That faithful bolt, true to the mandate of him in charge "let go!" the door stood on its hinges! the seats, that had but recently been occupied by devout worshippers, invited the throng to enter and patiently hear questions put to a poor female, before a house full of boys and men, that should make a man, who regards female character, hang his head and blush! I am pained, while I write, at the exposure that woman was subjected to in that "house of worship." This was all in good keeping with a precedent long since established. Years ago it was opened, for the trial of a man charged with Polygamy! afterwards a man charged with Sodomite lustily a man charged with RAPE!! Save the mark, what next!

Is the House too sacred to plead the cause of the thousands of females, who are forced to live in a state of concubinage by that body? Censor answers no!

TRUMAN CASE.

Randolph, Nov. 19, 1847.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, NOVEMBER 26, 1847.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chesnut sts.

Notice.

Will those of our subscribers who are in arrears, please take notice, that the terms of the Bugle are \$1.50 per year, if paid within six months from the time of subscribing, or \$1.75 if delayed beyond that time. If, however, those indebted for a longer time than six months, will forward, post paid, the amount due from them by the 1st of December next, the additional 25 cents per annum will not be required; but from such as neglect to do this, payment at the rate of \$1.75 per year will invariably be exacted.

JAMES BARNABY,
Publishing Agent.

Another Victim.

We learn from the Pa. Freeman that Samuel D. Burris, has lately been convicted in Dover, Del., of feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and sheltering the outcast. For these deeds of mercy done more than nineteen hundred years after the founder of Christianity first impressed them as duties upon his followers, he was arrested by a people calling themselves christian, and who boast of their gospel privileges, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to imprisonment and fine; and should he refuse, or be unable to pay the \$500 which the court has decided he forfeited by doing the teachings of Jesus, he is to be sold into slavery for fourteen years!

These are the privileges of an American citizen, this the liberty he is permitted to enjoy under the laws, the Constitution, and the religion of the United States. The knowledge that such an atrocious outrage was perpetrated in a sister State, perpetrated legally too, and religiously, should quicken the pulse of every lover of freedom, and make the blood boil within him. It seems almost an insult to common sense that with such terrible facts before us, we should pause to debate constitutional technicalities, or gravely inquire what the fathers did, or did not mean when they framed a government for the people of this land. When the fire of a battery is directed against us, when its iron storm is hurling death and destruction into our ranks and comrades are falling wounded and dying all around, we should care but little to ask whether the battery was built by friends or foes, whether the guns were designed to be used for or against us; it would be enough for us to know it was in possession of the enemy, and that its cannon played upon us with tremendous effect.

We wish with all our heart that there existed no necessity for examining the character of the U. S. Constitution, and there would not be, if men would act with but half the spirit that freemen should manifest. Their question would not be, what is the Constitution, but where is it? and if it was found upon the side of the oppressor, if it was in the hands of the slaveholder and used by him to serve his own cruel and selfish purposes, they would renounce it, and have nothing to do with it except to refuse to promise it their allegiance and denounce it as a blood-stained document. What conclusion would it be to Samuel D. Burris to be told that his sentence was unconstitutional? Even though he were fully persuaded of it, it would not result the fine nor unbar his prison door. Of what avail then to him would be the establishment of such a fact? He knows that "the powers that be" in the authority of their God-claimed ordination have decided otherwise, and he knows that their decision is the law of the land, and we might add, the gospel too. And if he should be sold into slavery for 14 years, either because of his poverty or his refusal to comply with the unjust requisitions of the tribunal that sentenced him, he would receive but little comfort from being told that his slavery was not legal; he would probably be more interested in its reality than its legality, and while he felt the lash and wore the fetter he could not doubt the former, nor would he be apt to make Spooner's Unconstitutionality of Slavery his pocket companion.

With such startling facts staring us in the face, with such outrages upon the rights of freemen coming continually before us clothed with all the formality of a legal decision, and invested with the seal of constitutional authority, we ought to have but little desire to investigate the technicalities of our form of government, or the letter of the parchment compromise. We know where it is, and that should be enough—we know that it is numbered with whips, and paddles, and gags, and thumb-screws and other slaveholding instruments of torture. There let it remain, and receive the condemnation that its position, and the uses to which it is applied richly merit.

Why don't the people speak as if they had souls, why don't they manifest some feeling, raise the standard of moral revolution, and cry "Down with the Constitution," "Down

with the bloody Union?" This nation sympathized with Poland when she was struggling for freedom against the constitutional rights of the Emperor of Russia—it commended them for their bravery, for their devotion to the cause of freedom. The crisis that called upon Poland to struggle for nationality, now calls upon us to contend for individual freedom. The times loudly demand it; and if we have true souls we shall go forth to meet this foe and save our brethren from a worse fate than the Russian knout or Siberian exile, to snatch them from the demon-like grasp of Constitutional power, to rescue them from the bloody jaws of that Union which is seeking to devour them.

The Vote in Ohio.

We see it stated that the official return of the popular vote in Ohio, gives to the Democrats, 105,385
Whigs, 103,822
Liberty party, 4,379

This shows a falling off from last year, in Democratic ballots about 41,000, Whig, 53,000; and Liberty party—a fraction—6,418; the two first named parties losing less than one third, and the latter not a great deal less than two thirds! The members of the Liberty party, however, did as well as could be expected. They got the mercury up pretty high last fall, perhaps as high as summer heat, but not by changing the state of the atmosphere, not by infusing into it a greater amount of caloric, but—to use a familiar figure—by blowing constantly upon the bulb of the thermometer. They used Samuel Lewis' popularity as a friend of the Common School system, for he was extensively and favorably known as a faithful laborer in the cause of education; his connection too with the M. E. church, not only as a member, but as a preacher, did something to win him ballots, and considerable over ten thousand votes were polled. This year there was not so much bulb-blowing, and the result is seen in less than forty four hundred votes.

We judge that Liberty party in Ohio has cast its last vote as a state organization there may be some scattering fire from retreating fractions, but we should think nothing like another general effort. Those who love the party and who wish to keep it in existence, may try to persuade themselves and others that the vote for Hale is a Liberty party vote, and indicative of Liberty party strength—all this is what a politician would significantly designate, *gambon*. Hale was the regular nominee of the Independent Democrats, and not in anywise a member of the Liberty party; but if the members of the latter choose to lose their identity by rushing into the embrace of another political organization, let them do it, but when they have smashed the egg of their hopes, they need not fancy that some political Monsieur Adrien can make it whole again by his juggling tricks.

Defunct Liberty party count as its ballots the votes cast for John P. Hale, the candidate of the Independent Democrats! As well might it have nominated the candidate of any other party, and unsuccessfully claimed all the votes given for him as the votes of its own members! The independent democrat will doubtless receive a considerable accession from the Liberty party ranks; some of the members of the latter, it is true, will prefer transferring themselves to the Leaguers instead of being transferred to the Independents, but very many of them will cast their ballots for Hale. And if Senator Hale pursues as manly and independent a course during the coming session of Congress as he has for a few years past, he will undoubtedly secure the votes of many of the young Whigs and young Democrats as the reform progressives are now called, unless the nominees of their parties should have more of an anti-slavery tendency than present appearances indicate.

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARIES IN MEXICO, are so full of fight that when they can't find Mexicans to shoot, they shoot each other; and we doubt not but this is as good a way to "conquer a peace" as any the Government has proposed. Recent accounts state that two duels have been fought by American officers with each other. The first brace of foot were Captains War-rington and White—the last named, we think must have been rather a greenish white; the second couple were also Captains—Porter, who was quite frothy, and Archer, who it seems, despite his name, was not so good a marksman as his antagonist.

It is also reported that the notorious Captain Walker, of the Texan Rangers, was killed by a Mexican ball. Alas, how our Missionaries have to suffer in the process of Mexican Christianization!

STOLE A MARCH ON THEM.—While the Southern clique have been trying to increase the capital subscribed for their pro-slavery paper from \$20,000 to \$50,000, Duff Green—who, it is reported sought its editorship, but was rejected—has got out his prospectus for a weekly paper of the same character, to be issued at Washington city, and called "The Times." It is suggested that this interference with the plans of the clique, will materially change their calculations, and may even cause them to abandon the project, and content themselves with Duff's individual enterprise.

Father P. and Mary G.

"Good morning," said a very venerable father in the church, as he entered the parlor of my friend Mary G.—"You've had a great time at these infidel meetings in town," observed the old man. "Who was that I met in your hall, Mary?"

"It was that much misrepresented defender of human rights—Wm. Lloyd Garrison." "What! do you take into your family such a disturber of the peace, such a traducer of holy men, such a contemner of our christian religion as he?"

"We are commanded to use hospitality without grudging," was the evasive reply.

"Yes, but if there come any unto you and bring not the doctrine of Christ, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed, was the strict injunction of the inspired apostle," said the old man with much warmth.

My friend Mary hardly knew what to say. She was the daughter of a clergyman, and ever had a great reverence for the order. The minister before her, had been her deceased father's most intimate friend. She had long been examining the reformatory questions of the day, but had not fully committed herself to any movement. She was one of the cautious kind—never suffered herself to be led by impulse. She had been afraid too of becoming heretical; she clung to the faith of her fathers, and had regarded that as a thing too holy to question. She had been told that all the abolitionists discarded that faith, so she was curious to draw them out on those points, and so to her satisfaction, she found many as orthodox as she could desire. A consciousness had been gradually stealing over her, that something more than a belief in the speculative theology in which she was educated was required of a truly christian character. When she saw that the world was filled with needy and suffering victims of poverty, when the death groan from the battle field reached her ear, when the manacled and bleeding slave came up before her, conscience was continually whispering, "Here is work for the Christian."

At the time of which I write, she had just made the acquaintance of Lucretia Mott, who was then travelling through Ohio, and the gentle and loving spirit of that noble woman had won her heart. As she stood up in the great congregation and spoke words of truth and soberness, she enforced the duty of practical righteousness, of deeds of mercy and a life of purity, as she called upon the people to cast their man-made theology to the winds and bats, and obey only the teachings of the Most High, as she declared that God was in the reforms of the day, and if they would see his stately going forth, they must look at the triumphs of peace, anti-slavery, temperance and other kindred principles, the feelings and sympathies of my friend were powerfully excited, and in her heart she said, "verily these are words of truth and soberness! I could take the woman to my bosom and bid her God speed in her mission of love! Yes, I could go with her through the world and proclaim the glad tidings of peace and good will!"

She replied not to the last remark of Father P., and his well practiced eye detected the change that had passed over the spirit of her dream. At length he observed, "These fanatic would overturn the foundations of society—they would spread anarchy and misrule! Should their plans be adopted by the masses, immorality would flood the land—our holy religion would be abolished and infidelity reign triumphant!"

This was too much for my friend Mary—her spirit could not well brook such misrepresentations of persons with whose practical righteousness and peaceable doctrines she was well acquainted. Turning to the speaker, she said, "I deeply regret that you do not better inform yourself of the principles and practices of those whom you traduce.—Had you had an interview this morning with my guest whom you met in the hall, I think your prejudices would have vanished. You would have seen that he is animated alone by the soul-inspiring idea of giving freedom to all, and of establishing a purer religion than that which allows the professedly christian church to make merchandise of the image of God. You would have seen a strict adherence to principle, a strength of purpose and a devotion to truth that would have won your confidence. Come Father P., stay in town to-day and go and hear these people, then you'll not think so badly of them."

"No indeed," cried the old man, "we are commanded to give no place to such workers of iniquity. All their pretended love of freedom and christianity is only a mask to conceal the base and disorganizing purposes that actuate them. I am grieved to hear the daughter of my much loved friend trying to defend such heretics and destroyers of the public good."

"Allow me to say," returned Mary, "without any feelings of disrespect to yourself, that I am grieved to hear the friend of my father opposing enterprises that God approves. I am sorry to hear an aged man like you, whose time on earth must be very brief, condemn the only movements of the Age that are calculated to bless and purify the world."

"Before I go," said the old man, rising, "I would warn you of the dangerous heresies you are imbibing. I fear that even now your feet take hold on hell! I see that you have renounced the orthodox faith of your father,

and infidelity will soon claim you as one of its strongest defenders!"

"Suffer me to remark also," said Mary, "that orthodoxy or no orthodoxy, infidelity or no infidelity, I am willing to take my chance in the world to come, with these same persons that you call infidels. God forbid that I should be found at the judgment day in company with the defenders of war and slavery!"

A LISTENER.

The Cholera.

The slow but certain approach of that world-spreading pestilence, the Cholera, fore-shadows scenes of terror and of death. The heart of the stoutest quail at the anticipated presence of this unseen foe whose progress nor mountain nor ocean can withstand. It is marching with appalling certainty in its former path, sweeping the earth from East to West, and piling up pestilence-stricken corpses upon the field of its terrible triumph. All dread its approach, and though the power of man cannot any it in its course, it may lessen its triumph and rescue many victims from its embrace. The knowledge which the people of this country acquired of its character in 1832, although exceedingly limited, will aid them in the adoption of such precautionary measures as may be found necessary.

The announcement of a single case of Cholera on this side the Atlantic would pass, like an electric thrill throughout the entire land, and the people would rise up to battle the unseen destroyer with such means as they believed best calculated to lessen, or destroy its power, and especially would this be evident in our cities. Ward hospitals would be started up, the services of ward physicians and ward nurses secured, and an abundance of the most approved remedies supplied, so that all might obtain them at a moment's notice. Sanitary Committees would be appointed, Boards of Health would increase their vigilance and their care ten-fold, days of fasting and prayer would be proclaimed, and every pulpit would glow with the utterance of eloquent and impressive thoughts meet for the occasion.

This was the way the Cholera was met in 1832, and this we presume will be the way in which it will be met in '49. If, instead of coming but once in seventeen years, its presence was continual, we should become as accustomed to its disregard its ravages, and eat, drink and be merry, as though it were not. For, strange as it may seem, we have a pestilence in our midst which is far more terrible in its ravages than was the Cholera—which is fatal to the moral as well as to the physical life—smites with death not only the body but the soul. This pestilence has been gradually spreading throughout the entire land, and every year of its progress is marked with increased fatality. And yet the people are not alarmed, no hospitals are provided for those marked with the plague spot, no physicians employed to administer to those who sicken with it. There are no Boards of Health who strive to prevent its increase, no Sanitary Committees to recommend and enforce precautionary measures, no days of fasting and prayer are appointed with a hope that thereby its ravages may be stayed, no pulpit eloquence portrays the terrible calamity, and calls upon the people to repent, that the wrath of God may be averted. All is indifference. There is no feeling, no manifestation of terror, no anxiety to stay its progress—dull, cold apathy reigns supreme. And yet, reader, the terrible visitant of 1832—the *Asiatic Cholera*—was not so great a scourge to this people, as AMERICAN SLAVERY has been in every year of its existence.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.—We wish to call the attention of our readers, especially those who are mechanics, manufacturers, or lovers of Science, to this valuable paper, the advertisement of which was published in the Bugle's month or two ago. The paper is highly practical in its character, and contains much that is interesting, instructive and useful in the various departments of Science and Art. Each number contains several engravings illustrative of various improvements in machinery, &c., and (being printed in quarto form, and pagged suitably for binding) it forms a volume at the end of each year which, we should think, as must be prized highly by every lover of Science and the Mechanic Arts.

Published by Munn & Co., 128 Fulton st., N. Y. Terms \$2 per year.

GRAHAM'S closing No. for '47 is one of the best he has issued this year. Its engravings are fine specimens of the artist's skill, and we do not remember ever having seen a more beautiful magazine illustration than "The Troubadour."

The prospectus of the publishers for the coming year promises a further improvement in the design and execution of the work. Their list of contributors presents an array of literary talent whose ability to interest and instruct is unquestioned, and we wish they could give it such a reformatory character as would make it a powerful agent for the overthrow of our national woe. Among the names of contributors for '48 we notice Bryant Cooper, Longfellow, Poe, Signory, Stephens and Welby.

The price of the work is as heretofore. A single copy \$3 a year, 2 copies \$5, 5 copies \$10.

Outrage upon Outrage.

We had no time to make comment upon the New Jersey slave case, an account of which we copied last week from the N. Y. Tribune, and which was certainly a most outrageous violation of justice. The jury that tried the case was the first ever empanelled in this country to try the right of an alleged fugitive slave to his liberty. The Constitution dispenses with all such vexatious and delaying "process of law" for the fugitive—a hearing before a magistrate is the best it gives a "runaway nigger," and don't insist upon that except in a certain contingency. It seems that the Jersey people had got up a jury trial law, and although the Supreme Court of the United States has pronounced it unconstitutional, yet so long as they put men without souls on the jury we presume the slaveholders will not grumble very much—if they do, we shall think them very unreasonable.

It appears the evidence produced against the defendants was not legal proof according to the requirements of Jersey law, but as the Jurors were probably desirous to send the negroes back to the land of their white forefathers—Maryland—and it being the best proof the claimant could well procure, and being furthermore well oiled with flattery by the claimant's Jackall, who bears the name of Stratton, they received it as the fulfillment of the law, and gravely and in a mere matter of course way, adjudged the defendants to be the claimant's property. As soon as this decision was announced, the New Jersey National Guards marched into the Court House as the defenders and upholders of our National Iniquity. They came some sixty or seventy strong, armed cap-a-pie, and terrible as buckram and feathers could make them. With the assistance of the claimant, the sheriff, and sundry law constables they secured, bound, and carried off captive two men and a woman.

Glorious fellows, these New Jersey National Guards, and as eager to fight for slavery as some of the National Guards in Mexico, and almost as valiant too, although the odds are the other way. Wonder if they won't be toasted at some Buchananian frolic in Maryland, and honorable mention made of their valuable services. More than this they surely cannot expect, and we presume they would consider it glory enough to last them for one life time, and perhaps yield a surplus in the case of the privates.

But we must take our leave of the brave fellows, and cannot do it in a more appropriate manner than by quoting a verse of doggerel which was composed in commemoration of their act.

The Jersey Guards have done a feat uncommon,
Captured two negro men, and scared a woman;
Winning fresh laurels that must surely look well on
Heads that are brainless as a water-melon.

To Correspondents.

G. C. A. Our thanks for his letter—the mistake we think was no fault of ours. We went by our books, and are sorry the proper credit was not given. The error has been rectified and \$1.50 placed to his credit—shall write to the agent to forward us the money. Such neglect subjects others as well as ourselves, to vexations.

A. G. R. He is mistaken—but if he desires his name to be placed there, we certainly have no objections. Shall see that it is done next week.

S. C. We do not see how we or our readers can advise, or otherwise help him in regard to the charge to which he refers—we have had nothing to do with it, and a statement of the fact in the Bugle would not aid him. We wish he would do as much for us.

It was stated in a previous number, that the expenses of Wm. Lloyd Garrison's illness at Cleveland, were \$100; and an invitation was extended to those who wished to aid in defraying them, to send their donations to the Treasurer of the Western Anti-Slavery Society—such contributions to be acknowledged through the columns of the Bugle.

Amount previously acknowledged \$11.25
Lydia Irish, New Lisbon, 2.00
B. S. Jones, Salem, 1.00
Ezra Clark, Twinsburg, 1.00
B. W. Richmond, North Newberry, 1.00
\$16.25

J. ELIZABETH JONES,
Treasurer.

A correspondent in Twinsburg, Summit co., writes as follows:

"The visit of our friends Garrison and Douglass made the priests of this place a great deal of trouble. The latter have shown themselves to belong to a Brotherhood of Thieves, and the great mass of the church have made it manifest that they are of the Synagogue of Satan; but we anti-slavery men are not discouraged, for the time has come when 'one can chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight.'"

"PETER BROWN," the story on our fourth page, is somewhat different from the tales we usually place there, but it is so excellent in its way, so good an illustration of the "used up" condition of other politicians beside Peter, that we had to give it room.

Henry Clay.

This embodiment of Whig principles has been making—so say the papers—a great speech at Lexington, Ky., mainly upon the Mexican war. The resolutions he presented on the occasion—and which will be found in another column—coming, as they do, from the embodiment of Whig principles, it is presumed are to be taken as an indication of the Whig policy for the coming campaign, and will be made the basis of the measures of that party.

The reports which have been furnished of this speech are exceedingly meagre; the orator having particularly requested that the reporters present should not attempt to take it down, alleging as a reason, that he had so often been misrepresented, that he wished to have it printed under his own supervision. A very sensible decision that—for a speech that suits the locality where it was delivered, does not always answer for circulation both North and South, without considerable revision, especially such a speech as we think the one referred to was designed to be. We are sorry if Henry Clay has been misunderstood or misrepresented—this would hardly have occurred had his speeches all been as explicit as the one he addressed to an abolitionist in Indiana, who had embraced the opportunity offered by one of his Northern electioneering tours to ask him to liberate his slaves.—Go home, Mr. Mendenhall, and mind your own business!

This Lexington speech, although there may be some difference of opinion among those who have heard it, or have heard of it, as to the meaning of certain passages, yet its general tenor all will agree is the same. Its main point may be thus stated—"Gentlemen Whigs, my name is at your service for another Presidential campaign. Duty to my beloved country calls me to the chair of the Chief Magistracy of this Republic, and personally I have no objections."

Henry Clay's speech at Lexington! This sounds strangely in our ears. After his shameful abandonment of his cousin, Cassius M. Clay, at that place, sneaking away from him when he was lying upon a sick bed, and surrounded by a mob thirsting for his blood, we should think that Henry Clay would no more dare to go to Lexington, let alone speak there, than a murderer would enter at midnight the chamber his victim occupied when he slew him.

Henry Clay's great speech at Lexington in '47, cannot efface from the minds of the people the remembrance of his great cowardice and shameful flight from there in '45.

The Executive Committee.

Will meet in Salem, on the 20th of December, at 2 P. M.

We commend B. W. Richmond's communication to the attention of our readers.—If we were too delicate in our intimations, are sorry for it; we thought a very gentle, delicate hint would be sufficient—perhaps we were mistaken.

Deplorable.

The St. Louis New Era says the business of deceiving negroes into the Free States by the Abolitionists, is as regularly organized and diligently pursued as any calling in the community. The editor says that a correspondence and chains of communication have been established in Illinois, and that the effects of this system have been felt by the slaveholders of Missouri, all along the line of the Mississippi; and hundreds of negroes enticed away from their masters, are now known to be at large, rather than shunning the notice of those who know them as slaves, scattered through the cities and towns northeast of us, in Illinois or Michigan.

We can see nothing deplorable in this, on the contrary it is very encouraging. The forwarding business seems to be brisk, the underground railroad, even as far south as Missouri, is crowded with freight.

Wood up the fire, keep them flashing.
See the train comes onward dashing.
Out of the way!—Hear the humming,
Fugitives by scores are coming.

Instructions to GEN. SCOTT.—Despatches have recently been sent to Gen. Scott by Mr. Lariato, which, it is said embrace the following points: and accordingly more money and more men will be needed, more murders will be committed, and more infamy acquired.

1. To make no offer of peace whatever, and to listen to none from the Mexicans, which does not yield the Rio Grande for a boundary.

2. To levy contributions in money and provisions on the inhabitants of the cities now and which may hereafter be in the possession of our troops.

3. To make the Mexicans feel that the war is an evil; or, in other words to say, "our sufferings are intolerable."

Richard Allen, of Dublin, in a letter in a recent Liberator, thus describes an interesting incident at the passage of the British Emancipation Act:

"I shall never forget the remarkable night on which the British House of Commons declared that the apprenticeship—that worse institution than Slavery—should cease in our West India Colonies. The success was so unexpected—the ministry felt so strong—the Abolitionists knew there were such powerful

odds against them, that our success and the defeat of the Government, came like a thunder-clap on both. So little did we believe that the debate would have ended so soon—so little idea had we that the ministry would cut short their certain triumph, (as every one believed it would be,) that James H. Webb and I had almost to be forced from the strangers' gallery, so fearful were we of losing our good places. In a few minutes after our expulsion, we heard cheers within the house, and on eagerly pressing forward to learn what the unaccountable burst meant, one of the first objects was O'Connell, crowding his portly frame from amongst the crowd of members, his hat crushed into twenty shapes, and he cheering at the top of his voice, and announcing the glorious majority of three on the side of freedom. And when we hastily adjourned to our Hall of meeting, which was close to the House, to acknowledge with fervent gratitude the triumph of our cause, where we were soon made acquainted with the amazement of the ministry; that they were still determined to oppose the abolition of the odious system, O'Connell, though at that time a determined supporter of the ministry, at once exclaimed to this purpose—'Perish the ministry; I will not support the Government which opposes righteousness! No matter how my country may suffer!'

The Domestic Slave Trade.

By the laws of the United States, if a citizen of this government is convicted of being engaged in the Foreign Slave Trade he is hung as a pirate. Let us see what sort of a trade that is which a man must be engaged in as a necessary qualification to the presidency of this enlightened country.

And as to its extent. Between the years 1817, and 1837, a period of twenty years, 300,000 slaves were taken from Virginia, North Carolina, and Maryland, to the Southern market, according to the statement of the Rev. Dr. Graham, of North Carolina; and in 1835 it was estimated by the most intelligent men of Virginia, that 120,000 slaves were exported from that State during the preceding twelve months. About two-thirds of these accompanied their owners, who removed; the remaining one-third were sold at an average of \$600 each, amounting to \$72,000,000, which the domestic Slave-Trade poured into Virginia in one year. In 1836, says the Maryville (Tenn.) Intelligencer, "60,000 slaves passed through a little western town on their way to the Southern market, and in the same year four States imported 300,000 slaves from the North." In 1837, a committee appointed by the citizens of Mobile, Alabama, to inquire into the causes of pecuniary distress then prevalent, reported that between the years 1833 and 1837, Alabama alone imported from the Northern slave states, \$10,000,000 worth of slaves annually, amounting to \$40,000,000 in four years.

This gives us a fair idea of the extent to which the domestic trade in men, women, and children is carried on. Our masters have just annexed to the United States a territory half a dozen times as large as New York, for the express purpose of extending and perpetuating slavery, and this has given the trade a new impetus. The price of slaves rose at once in the slave-trading states the moment it was known the annexation bill was passed. We are now at war with Mexico, to add still more territory to the accursed Union, and extend the "peculiar institution" still farther south, and among a people who years ago abolished it.

Now what is the character of this trade! We will not give any testimony to abolitionists, though well enough authenticated evidence as to its shocking cruelty might be adduced to fill a volume. We prefer the southern testimony themselves as witnesses, and their testimony shall be recent.

Niles' Register, published at Baltimore, vol. 35, p. 4, states that "dealing in slaves has become a large business—establishments are made in several places in Maryland and Virginia, at which they are sold like cattle." These places of deposit are strongly built, and well supplied with thumb-screws and gags, and ornamented with cow skins and other whips, *glintings bloody!*

The Maryville, (Tenn.) Intelligencer, of October 4th, 1835, speaking of these droves of human cattle, remarks: "That they are driven with heavy galling chains riveted upon their persons, the horses, incumbered with the knotted whip, travelling a region where their condition throughout time will be second only to the wretched creatures in hell; this depicting is not visionary, would to God it was."

The New Orleans Courier, of February 15, 1845, says, "We think it would require some country to show, that the present Slave-Trade in Virginia is a whit better than the one from Africa."

"The Presbyterian Synod of Kentucky, in 1835, in an address to the churches under its care, says: 'Brothers and sisters, parents and children, husbands and wives, are separated, and permitted to see each other no more. These acts are daily occurring in the midst of us.—The shrieks and agony often witnessed on such occasions, proclaim with a trumpet tongue the iniquity of our system. There is not a neighborhood where these heart-rending scenes are not displayed. There is not a village or road that does not behold the sad procession of manacled outcasts, whose mournful countenances tell that they are exiled by force from all that their hearts hold dear.'"

Remember now the thousands who according to the calculations of the Southernists are annually bartered and sold, and remember the condition which Southerners also declare to be that of these thousands, and our readers can form some idea of the Domestic Slave trade of the United States.

From the Chronicle.

The Wilnot Proviso.

This famous proviso is all well enough in itself, but it is entirely too late. It is a lock for the stable door after the horse is stolen; a little bit of courage after being terribly dogged for the want of it. If it had been proposed before the annexation of Texas, there would have been some sense in it.—But in that fatal deed the slaveholders and their traitorous northern allies cut flanked us. They actually secured all the extension of Slavery that they could wish, and all there is any sense in talking about. The further extension of Slavery, forthwith! It is about as important as the question whether we shall or not extend Slavery to Terra del Fuego, the Gallipagos or the moon. We rejoice at the over-riding abolition of the slaveocracy in endeavoring to extend Slavery further, so

much as John C. Calhoun deplors it, and that is not a little.

The Mexican war as a war, a savage butchery of men, women and children, a waste of the means of life, a burden upon posterity, a creator of a demoralizing national debt, a guarantee of bad government for ages, a nurse of the worst passions, and the perdition of our fair fame and righteous principles, is deplorable. But as an extender of Slavery, and how it will, we do not see. Conquer the generals and armies of Mexico, incorporate the entire country with our own, and extend Slavery further than it is already extended if you can. The free negro liberty will sweep back from the plains of Tanamulipas and consume Slavery in Texas. The slaveholders have a task there, which they can never accomplish. The attempt will only awaken a war which will rage till it is given up.

No, the only question of any real interest in regard to Slavery is, not whether it shall be further extended, but whether, having been unconstitutionally, destructively, deplorably extended, to the degree of involving the country in the most disgraceful war that ever blotted the page of history, it shall any longer last as an American institution—whether we will any longer hug a diabolical, devastating, damnable lie among our glorious political truths; whether we will keep for posterity a curse which is costing us more—vastly more—both of blood and treasure, than our dear-bought liberties ever did. Will not Providence, indeed! It seems to us, not with very high respect for a great many kind-hearted men can we help saying it, that if we, the people of the Free States, were not the most miserable drivelling, short-sighted, superstitious slaves that ever existed, we should be contented with nothing less than the absolute decree,—Henceforth no slave shall breathe North American air.

From the Watchman of the Valley.

More Facts about Slavery.

MEXICO. EDITORS.—Having recently returned from a trip "down South," I send you a few facts about Slavery, as they fell under my notice.

Rev. Mr. —'s Church was enjoying a very interesting religious excitement. Some twenty or thirty had been added to the church in a short time. One of the elders, who gave me the most glowing description of the work, had sold a black woman a few days previous, for 300 acres of land. The reason why he bartered her for land was, that owing to some bodily infirmity, she would not command the cash. In this church the "oral instruction" system is practised to its full extent. It has a Northern man for its pastor. Many similar incongruities are to be seen in that church.

In the same region lived the Rev. Mr. —, who recently died and left a number of slaves to his heirs, "he knew not who." This minister, for the last twelve years, to my knowledge, had been seriously concerned about his slaves; and had it not been for the influence with which he was surrounded, he would have emancipated them long before he died. He had set in, in good earnest, to "prepare them for freedom;" but alas, there is no one now to carry out his good intentions. What a pity that good men should become so bewildered with this delusive idea. On making inquiry of a friend relative to the condition in which his slaves were left, he replied, that he had talked so long about setting his "niggers" free, that they had become so saucy they were not fit to be seen. This lady is an active member of the church. Perhaps some of your readers may not know what is meant in the South by a "saucy nigger." If not, I will try to tell them. It is for a colored man to begin to feel, and act, and stand up, and hope and do a good many things a little like a free man. Such conduct is very offensive in the eyes of these judges of good breeding.

But again, while standing at the store door of a friend, an elder of the church, on a Saturday afternoon, four men presented themselves at the door; and after carefully placing their hats under their arms, they began to manifest uneasiness—looking in at the door, and endeavoring to place themselves in a position so as to be seen from within; and after remaining in this restless condition for at least one hour, my friend came to the door, and after making a very critical inquiry as to whether they had finished their task, which had been allotted them, he read and delivered to each of them the following paper in substance: Please to permit Joe (or Harry, according as the name was) to pass and repass to Mr. —, and home on Monday morning by sunrise. This was a permit to go to see their wives; and it was done by the master as if he was doing them a great favor, and it was received by the slaves with a very low bow, and "thanker, Massa."

W. M. ALLISON.

Wash. co., Ia., Oct. 22, 1847.

Thrilling Incident near Cincinnati.

Several winters since, when the Ohio river had been sometime closed, a sudden thaw brought down the ice in a gorge opposite the Licking. For some days the ice was firm; but at length it became soft, and had not been so for some days, when one twilight, a fugitive, hard pressed by her pursuers, rushed the bank on the Kentucky side and plunged into the dark mass of ice and water. A child of two years clung to her neck, leaving her hands free to aid in the struggle.

For a moment she paused. Before her rolled the angry river, every moment rendering the passage more perilous; behind her, close on her track, were her foes, with loud threats warning her not to proceed. She heeded them not. Better perish in the dark waters, than live a slave. Her child, the only tie that bound her to life, clung to her neck, and she rushed on, each step a struggle for life, sinking to her knees in water as the ice beneath her weight, leaving at each step an impassable gulf between her and her pursuers. She reaches the shore—she is safe! Not one of all who witnessed with breathless interest her perilous flight, but would have protected her at every hazard, so deeply were they moved by her courage. Her enemies were completely foiled. A boat would have been crushed in a moment in the mass of ice, and they stood baffled and irresolute, hoping that some kindred spirit on the opposite shore would seize her as she landed. But no! Those who, under ordinary circumstances, have no pity for the slave, were softened at the sight of that weak woman venturing where even the strong heart of man might well quail, and staking life itself against the hope of freedom. She was protected, and sped onward to a land of liberty, where she, with her child, found a refuge.

Receipts.

Ann Perrine, Baltimore,	1.50-169
S. Richardson, Ashcroft,	75-123
Wm. Blackledge, Mechanicstown,	75-123
John W. Thompson, Delaware,	2.00-131
Jas. Richardson, Bucks,	1.00-146
Thos. Sumpton, Penn,	75-118
Wm. Byr, Van P. O.,	1.50-138
Thomas Lewis, Barmington,	50-735
J. L. Litchner, Penn,	75-144
Jacob Sap, Edinburgh,	1.50-195
Saml. Fowler, Lima,	1.50-104
H. W. Case, Edinburgh,	80-156
Jas. Green, Damascus,	75-131
J. D. Snelling, do,	1.93-118
Rebecca Shreve, Richmond,	1.56-174
Jane McNulty, Green,	1.56-164
Elizabeth D. Norris, Lamole,	1.50-138
Matthew P. Doley, St. Chirlesville,	75-193
Chas. Michener, Smyrna,	50-135

☞ Please take notice, that in the acknowledgements of subscription money for the Bugle, not only is the amount received placed opposite the subscribers' names, but also the number of the paper to which he has paid, and which will be found in the outside column of figures.

THE FOURTEENTH

National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

To be held in Boston, during Christmas and New-Year's Week, 1847-8.

The undersigned, the Committee of the Fourteenth National A. S. Bazaar, appeal to all that is good and true in this nation for which they labor, to aid their undertaking.

Our object is the abolition of slavery through the renovation of public opinion; and we ask help of all who feel the impulse of compassion for a suffering people; or the instinct of self-preservation in view of the encroachments of tyranny, and the dangers of sin; or the divine and awful sense of justice, moving them to uphold the right; or the high sense of honor and religious obligation, impelling them to choose their lot in this life with slaves, and not with their oppressors; or shame beneath the scorn of Christendom justly due to a nation of slaveholders; or disgust at the discrepancy between American principle and American practice; or responsibility for keeping pure the sources of public morals; or desire to lay deep in the national conscience, the foundations of future generations.

After a deep and careful examination of ways and means for the peaceable abolition of slavery, it has been found hopeless, except through the consent of the majority of the whole people. This obtained, the work is done; for the willing can readily find the way. Sound judgment in the choice of means, and the best economy in their expenditure, alike forbid us, therefore, to enter into the partisan or sectarian schemes, by which the purposes of any one of the various political and theological persuasions will be subverted at the expense of the cause of Freedom, while others are alienated from it in the same proportion. When the preliminary question is put, which every one ought to ask,—"How do you mean to expend the money, which you require our help to raise?"—our answer is, "It shall be spent wholly and directly in awakening, informing and influencing the public mind on this primarily important question." It shall not be put into the hands of any of the political organizations, to promote the election of any candidate, but be made to awaken the love of freedom and the hatred of slavery in all; not in aiding a few fugitives to escape, but to save them that painful and hazardous experiment by abolishing the system which enslaves them; not in sending them to Africa, but in enabling them to become the free and happy elements of national strength and prosperity at home; not in making the proposition so degrading to the morals of our nation, that the government should become the tributary of this wrong, but in efforts for such an elevation of national character as shall brand it—enslaved.

This money will, in short, be spent neither in compensation, colonization, nor political partisanship; while a clear-sighted economy will also forbid its being used in the equally benevolent, though less effectual, channel of a vigilance committee. It will be spent in Propagandism—for we strike openly, boldly, strongly, and successfully too, as our fourteen years of labor prove, at the root of the system we mean to abolish.

Finally, we appeal to our friends and countrymen to take part in this holy cause, as to frail and suffering and short-lived fellow-creatures. It shall strengthen them in weakness, comfort in affliction, and steel against calamity. It shall save them from the sin of living on the side of the oppressor, and the ignominy of dying in the silent support of wrong. It shall secure their children from such an inheritance of grief and shame, as the remembrance that their parents were drawn by disgraceful sympathy into the ranks of the enslavers, when the moral battle was fought out in the United States for the freedom of a race. Its consolations are proportionate to its remembrances; and in its prosecution, as in the great cause of Christianity, of which its principles form a fundamental part, we are able to assure such an embrace it, that no man shall lose friends, or homes, or lands for its sake, but he shall receive an hundred fold of nobler recompense in this world, and a sense of spiritual life besides, to which the indifferent frivolities of a selfish existence sink into insignificance.

By the united efforts of all who ought to co-operate on this occasion, it is proposed to place

\$10,000

at the ultimate disposal of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

MARY WESTON CHAPMAN,
ANN T. GREENE PHILLIPS,
and others.

C. DONALDSON & CO.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL HARDWARE MERCHANTS
Keep constantly on hand a general assortment of HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.

No. 18 MAIN ST. CINCINNATI.
July 17, '46

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES,
BOOTS AND SHOES, (Eastern and Western),
Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oil and Dye Stuffs, cheap as the cheapest, and good as the best; constantly for sale at
TRESGOTT'S
Salem, O. 1st mo. 30th.

POETRY.

The Daughter's Request.

BY MRS. ADY.

My father, thou hast not the tale denied:
They say that ere dawn, to-morrow,
Thou wilt bring back a radiant and smiling
bride.
To our lonely house of sorrow,
I should wish thee joy of thy coming bliss;
But tears my words are suppressing;
I think of my mother's dying kiss,
And my mother's parting blessing.

Yet, to-morrow, I hope to hide my care,
I will still my bosom's beating,
And strive to give to thy chosen fair
A kind and courteous greeting.
She will heed me not, in the joyous pride
Of her pomp, and friends, and beauty;
Ah! little need hath a new-made bride
For a daughter's quiet duty.

Thou givest her costly gems they say,
When thy heart first fondly sought hers;
Dear father, one suppliant gift I pray,
Bestow on thy weeping daughter.
My eye even now on the treasure falls;
I covet and seek no other.
It has hung for years on our ancient walls—
'Tis the portrait of my mother.

To-morrow, when all is in festive guise,
And the guests our rooms are filling,
The calm, meek gaze of those hazel eyes,
Might with grief thy soul be thrilling.
And a gloom on thy marriage banquet cast,
Sad thoughts of thy own giving;
For a fleeting twelvemonth scarce has passed—
Since she mingled with the living.

If thy bride should weary or offend,
That portrait might wound feelings;
Of the love thy fond departed friend,
And his sweet and kind remembrance;
Of her hand's commanding force, uncheck-
ed.

By feeble or selfish weakness—
Of her speech, whose dazzling intellect
Was softened by Christian meekness.

Then father grant that at once, to-night,
Ere the bride's crowns are put on,
I remove this portrait from thy sight,
To my chamber's still seclusion.
'Twill nerve me to-morrow's dawn to bear:
It will beam on me protection.

When I ask of Heaven in my fluttering prayer—
To hallow thy new connection.

Thou wilt waken, father, in pride and gloom,
To renew the tale once broken;
But naught on earth remains to me,
But this sad and silent token.

The husband's tears may be few and brief—
He may woo and win another;
But the daughter clings in unchanging grief,
To the image of her mother.

Press Onward.

BY WILLIAM CLAUD BOURNE.

Onward! Will ye stop and ponder,
While the minutes pass ye by?
Will ye and your dreams wander
While the hours fly breathe and die?

He whose ardor brightly burns
With a purpose true and strong,
In the end a sure reward
Noble than the highest wage.

Onward! In a bold reliance
On the strength ye have within;
Bid your foes a stern defiance
And their humors ye shall win.

Life is not a time for dreaming—
Standing still or asking when
More resolves or worthy seeming
Duty calls for earnest men.

Do ye cringe at shadows fleeting,
Like a sun-revolving cloud?
Give them all a silent greeting,
But be never by them bowed.

Onward! Though the steep ascending
Makes the labor long and hard;
Sweeter far will be the blending
Joy with after-toil's reward.

They who fly stand and tremble,
Thinking dangers fill the way;
Bid the tyrant foe assemble
In their terror-born array.

Doubting ever what's to come,
Fears make coward hearts for aye;
But the true and earnest seeker
Knows no yielding but to die.

He who yields to base and craven
Nothing worth in strife and toil—
But the firm that touch their heaven,
Proudly bearing off the spoil.

So our duty's ever should be met—
So our trials should be met—
While the true and lofty mind us
Like a lock unmoving set.

God ye, then, with bold endeavor
Press ye onward while ye may—
Keeping Trust and Hope forever
Angel-guardians by the way.

A Quaker Christening.

Not long ago a tipping set
Were in carousing convalescent;
Cider, with rum and sugar mixed,
Swigged till eyes, tongues and limbs were
fired.

That they could scarcely see or talk,
Or cry or stand, or much less walk.
A Quaker happened in,
And view'd the mad disgusting scene;
Then asked the landlord brisk to tell,
What liquor made them so unwell.

"We call it Sampson, friend," quoth he,
"But I would call it Pharoah!"
For 'twould not let the people go."

It would be very unfortunate if there were
no other road to Heaven but through Hell.
Yet this dangerous and impracticable road
has been attempted by all those princes,
nobles and commoners, who have done evil,
but good might come.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Peter Brush, THE GREAT USED UP.

BY JOSEPH C. BRAL.

It was November, a cool clear evening time,
When a considerable portion of the political
world are apt to be despondent, and external
things appear to do their utmost to keep them
so. November, the season of dejection, when
pride itself loses its impetuous ports, when
ambition gives place to melancholy; when
beauty hardly takes the trouble to look into
the glass, and when existence don't its rain-
bow hues, and wears an aspect of such dull,
commonplace reality, that hope leaves the
world for a temporary excursion, and those
who cannot do without their inspiring passion,
borrow the aid of pistols, cords, and chemi-
cals, and send themselves on a longer jour-
ney, expecting to find her by the way—a sea-
son when the hair will not stay in curls, when
the walls weep dewy drops, to the great de-
riment of paper-hangings, and of every ap-
pliance of coloring with which they are adorned;
when the Baudelaire distillate, any thing
but beneficial to white gloves, when nature
fills the ponds, and when window-washing
is the only species of amusement at all popu-
lar among housekeepers.

It was on the worst of nights in that month
of seasons. The atmosphere was in a condi-
tion of which it is difficult to speak with re-
spect, much as we may be disposed to ap-
ply the doings of nature. It was damp,
foggy, and drizzling; to sum up its imper-
fections in a sonorous and descriptive super-
lative, it was "orrid muggy weather." The air
hung about the wayfarer in warm, unhealthy
folds, and extracted the sweat from his shirt-
collar and from the folds of his drapery, with
as much rapidity as it robbed his spirits of
their elasticity, and melted the sugar of self-
complacency from his mind. The street
lamps emitted a ghastly white glare, and
were so hemmed in with vapory wreaths, that
their best efforts could not project a ray of
light three feet from the burner. Gloom was
universal, and any change, even to the heat
of Africa, or to the frosts of the arctic circle,
would, in comparison, have been delightful.
The sun no longer waved in graceful
finiquities; while the fall of each night
brought, hectoring bull-dog ceased flouting to-
ward the clouds, a banner of wrath and defiance
to punish creatures, and hung down
drooping and dejected, an emblem of a heart
little disposed to quarrel and offence. The
ornaments of the brute creation being thus
below par, it was not surprising that men,
with cares on their shoulders and raggedness
in their trousers, should likewise be more
melancholy than on occasions of a brighter
climate. Every one at all subject to the
"muggy influence," who had had trouble
enough to tear his clothes, and to teach him
that the simple of this mundane existence is
not exclusively made up of fun, has felt that
philosophy is but a barometrical affair, and
that he who in proof against sorrow when the
air is clear and breezy, may be a very misera-
ble wretch, with no greater cause, when the
wind sits in another quarter.

Peter Brush is a man of this susceptible
class. His nervous system is of the most
delicate organization, and responds to the
changes of the weather, as an Indian harp
responds to the fugal swellings of the breeze.
Peter was abroad on the night of which we
speak; either because, unlike the younger
Brushes, he had no Portia near to tell him that
such exposure was "not physical," and that
it was the part of prudence to go to bed; or
that, although aware of the dangers of misad-
venture to a man of his constitution, he did not
happen at that precise moment to have access
to either house or bed; in his opinion, too,
essential prerequisites to quenching himself,
as he regarded it, of course, on a cellar door,
not likely to answer any sanitary purpose.
We incline ourselves to the opinion that he
was in the dilemma last mentioned, as it had
previously been the fate of other great men.
But be that as it may, Mr. Peter Brush was
in the street, as melancholy as an unbraced
drum, "a gib-cat, or a lugged bear."

Seated upon the curb, with his feet across
the gutter, he placed his elbow on a stepping-
stone, and like Juliet on the balcony, leaned
his head upon his hand—a hand that had
perhaps been the bearer of a good news, though
none would have been there, enough
to volunteer to be a glove upon it. He
was in a dilapidated condition—out at
elbows, out at knees, out of pocket, out of
office, out of spirits, and out in the street—
an "out and out" in every respect, and as
out as a stone as ever the eye of man did rest
upon. For some time, Mr. Brush's reflec-
tions had been silent. Following Hamlet's
advice, he gave them an understanding, but
no tongue. And he relieved himself at inter-
vals by spitting forcibly into the kennel. At
length, suffering his locked hands to fall be-
tween his knees, and heaving a deep sigh,
he spoke:

"A long time ago, my ma used to put on
her specs and say, 'Peter, my son, put not
your trust in princes; and from that day to
this I haven't done any thing of the kind, be-
cause none on 'em ever wanted to borrow noth-
ing of me; and I never saw a prince or a king
—but one or two, and they had been related
out of office—to borrow nothing of them."
Princely proof!—Put not your trust in poli-
ticians—their men's sentiments. You might
just as well try to hold an eel by the tail. I
don't care which side they're on, for I've tried
both, and I know. Put not your trust in poli-
ticians, or you'll get a bye.

"Ten years ago it came into my head that
things weren't going on right; so I pretty
nearly gave myself up to the study of the
good of the republic, and left the shop to look
out for itself. I was bimful of patriotism, and
so, next in my mind for the salvation of
freedom, I couldn't work. I tried to guess
which side was going to win, and I took to
it like wax—sometimes I was on one side,
sometimes I was on the other, and sometimes I
straddled till the election was over, and came
up just in time to find the horse. It was
good I was after, and what good I did if
I wasn't on the losing side! But, after all,
it was never a bit of use. Whenever the
battle was over, no matter what side was
showing out the losses and the fishes, and I
stepped up, I'd be hanged if they didn't cram
all that could into their overmouths, put their
arms over some, and grab all the rest with
their paws, and say, 'Go away, white-man,
you ain't capable!' Capable! what's the reason
I ain't capable? I've got as extensive a
throat as any of 'em, and I could swallow
the losses and fishes without choking, if each
leaf was as big as a gristlestone and each fish
as big as a steurgeon. Give Peter a chance,

and leave him alone for that. Then, another
time when I called—I want some spoils,
says I; 'a small bucket full of spoils.'
Which side gets in, shares the spoils,
don't they? So they first grinned, and then
they up and tells me that virtue like mine
was its own reward, and that spoils might
be a good thing, but it was no spoils that
spoiled me. But it was no spoils that
spoiled me, and no spoils that started me
I'm spoiled because I couldn't get either. Put
not your trust in politicians—I say it again.
Both sides used me just alike. Here I've
been serving my country, more or less, these
ten years, like a patriot—going to town meet-
ings, hurrying my daylights out, and getting
as blue as blazes—blocking the windows,
getting licked fifty times, and having more
shake a stick at, all for the common good,
and for the purity of our illegal rights—
all for what? Why, for cash. If any good
has come of it, the country has got it into her
own pocket, and swindled me out of my ar-
rings. I can't get no office. Republics is
ungrateful! It wasn't reward I was after. I
scores the base ingratitude. I only wanted
to be took care of, and have nothing to do
but to take care of the public, and I'm only got
nothing to do! Being took care of was the
main thing. Republics is ungrateful! I'm
awfully served if they ain't. This is the way
ol' folks is served."

Peter, having just expressed his disgust at
heart, heaved a sigh or two, as every one
after a recapitulation of their own injuries,
and remained for a few minutes wrapped in
abstraction.

"Well, well," said he, mournfully, wiping
his head to and fro after the agonizing
fashion of Lord Burleigh—"live and learn—
live and learn—the world's not what a man
takes it for before he finds it out. White-
men grow a good deal sooner than experience
and caution don't get no chance. I've
been a fool, but anyhow, a man might as well
be under a kick as out in the open air in such
weather as this. It's a cheap laying down
as it is settle up, and there's no such
wear and tear about it."

With a groan, a yawn, and a sigh, Peter
Brush slowly arose, and stretching himself
like a drowsy lion, he walked toward the steps
of a neighboring house. Having reached the
top of the flight, he turned about and looked
round with a scrutinizing glance, peering
both up and down the street, to ascertain that
none of the hereditary enemies of the Brush-
es were in that vicinity. Being satisfied on
that score, he prepared to enjoy all the com-
fort of this peculiar situation could command.
According to the modern system of warfare,
he carried no baggage to enumber his mo-
tions, and was always ready to bivouac with-
out troublesome preliminaries. He therefore
placed himself on the upper step, so that he
was just within the doorway, his head leaning
against one side of it, and his feet braced
against the other, bracing himself in the most
efficient manner. He adjusted himself
in position as carefully as the Spartan
on his couch, grunting at each motion like a
Daniel Lambert at his toilet, and he made
minute alterations in his attitude several times
before he appeared perfectly satisfied that he
had effected the best arrangement that could
be devised. After repeating for a while as if
the fifty and steel douch of war were his
thrilled bed of down, he moved his
head with an exclamation of impatience at
the hardness of the wall, and taking his time,
he crumpled it up, and mollified
the austerity of his bolster by using the crushed
hat as a pillow.

"That will do," ejaculated Brush, clasping
his hands before him, and twirling his
thumbs; and he then closed his eyes for the
purpose of reflecting upon his condition, with
a more perfect concentration of thought than
can be obtained when following objects that
disturb the mind. But thinking in this way
is always a hazardous experiment, whether it
be after dinner, or in the evening; and Peter
Brush soon unwittingly fell into a troubled
murmuring sleep, in which his words were
mere repetitions of what he had said before,
the general scope of the argument being to
prove the received axiom of former times,
that republics do not distribute their favors
in proportion to the services rendered, and
that, in the speaker's opinion, they are not,
in this respect, much better than the princes
system. But when, amidst these reveries,
such, at least, was the conviction of Mr.
Brush, at which he had arrived not by theory
and distant observation, but by his own
personal experience.

It is a long time which has no turning, and
it is a long sleep in the open air, especially
in a city, which does not meet with interrup-
tion. Brush found it so in this instance, as
he had indeed, more than once before. Several
gentlemen, followed by a dog, arrived at
the foot of the steps, and after a short con-
versation, dispersed each to his several home.
One, however, remained, and the owner of the
dog, who, whistling for his canine favorite,
took out his night-key, and walked up the
steps. The dog, bounding before his master,
suddenly stopped, and after attentively regard-
ing the recumbent Brush, uttered a short rap-
id bark.

The frequency of mental operations is such
that it rapidly happens, if sleep be distur-
bed by external sounds, that the noise is in-
stantly caught up by the ear, and incorpo-
rated with the subject of the dream—or perhaps
a dream is instantaneously formed upon the
noise, suggested by the rhythm of the sym-
phonium. The bark of the dog had one of
these effects upon Mr. Brush.

"How! wow! wagh!" said the dog.
"There's fellow making a speech against
our side," muttered Peter; "but it's all talk
—where's your facts?—print your speech in
pamphlet form, and I'll answer it. Hurry
for us! everybody else is rascals—nothing
but rascals, that follow the principles of
the upper hand—our side forever—we're
the boys!"

"Be still, Peter!" said the gentleman—
"Now, sir, be pleased to get up, and carry
yourself to some other place. I don't know
which side has the honor of claiming you,
but you are certainly on the wrong side at
present."

"Don't be official and trouble yourself
about other people's business," said Brush,
trying to open his eyes; "don't be official,
for it isn't the gent's thing."

"Not official! what do you mean by that?
I shall be very official, and trouble you down
the steps if you are."

"Oh, very well," responded Brush, as he
whirled round in a sitting posture, and fronted
the stranger; "very well—be as easy as you
please—I suppose you've got an office,
by the way you talk—you've got one of the
fishes, though perhaps it is but a minnow, and
it ain't but a minnow, I'd show you a thing or
two. Be easy, be anything, Mr. Noodle-
soup, I don't know which side you're on
either, but I do know one thing—it isn't say-
ing much for your boss politician that he
chose you when I must have been on his list
for promotion—that's all, though you are so
stiff, and think yourself pretty to look at—
But then that's pretty to look at in a way—
good 'nough to go, or you wouldn't be poking
here. Be off—there's no more business be-
fore this meeting, and you may adjourn. I'm
moved, seconded, and carried—pay the land-
lord for the use of the room as you go."

The stranger, now becoming somewhat
amused, felt a disposition to entertain himself
a little with Peter.

"How does it happen," said he, "that such
a public spirited individual as you ap-
pear to be should find himself in this condi-
tion? You've had a little too much of the
atmosphere, I fear."

"I don't know Greek, but I guess what
you mean," was the answer. "It's owing to
the weather—part to the weather, and part
because republics is ungrateful; that's con-
siderable the biggest part. Either part is ex-
cessive enough, and both together makes it a
credit. When it's such weather as this, it
takes the electrifying fluid out of you; and
if you want to feel something like I do, you
know what 'something like' is! It's wet, bird-
skin up—if you want to feel so, you must pour
a little of the electrifying fluid into you. In
this kind of weather you must tune yourself
up, and get roused, or you ain't good for
much—tuned up to concert pitch. But all
that's a trifle—not your trust in politi-
cians."

"And why not, Mr. Rosum?"

"Why not? Help us up—there's steady
the good hold on. Why not?—look at me!
I'm the way you mean, as large as life. I'm
the why you must put your trust in politi-
cians. I'm a right patriot—look at my coat!
I'm all for the public good—twice the
cost in my trousers. I'm steady in my
course, and I'm upright in my conduct—don't
let me fall down—I've tried all parties, year
in and year out, just by way of making my-
self popular and agreeable; and I've tried to
be on both sides at once," roared Brush, with
great emphasis, as he slipped and fell—"and
this is the end of it!"

His audience laughed heartily at this striking
illustration of the results of the political course
of Peter Brush, and seemed quite gratified
with so strong a proof of the danger of endea-
voring to be on two sides at once. He there-
fore assisted the fallen to rise.

"Are you hurt?"

"No—I'm used to being knocked about—
the steps and the pavement are no worse than
other people—they're like politicians—you
can't put any trust in 'em. But," continued
Brush, drawing a lot of crumpled paper from
the creases of his shirt, more crumpled than
"see how now—you're a clever fellow, and
I'll get you to sign my recommendation—
Here's a splendid character for me already
written down, so it won't give you any trou-
ble, only to put your name to it."

"But what office does it recommend you
for—what kind of a recommendation is it?"

"It's a circular recommendation—a slap at
any thing that's going."

"Firing into the flock, I suppose!"

"That's it exactly—good character—for fit
for any post either under the city government,
the state government, or the general govern-
ment. Now just put your fat to it," added
Peter, in his most persuasive tones, as he
smoothed the paper over his knee, spread it
upon the step, and produced a bit of lead pen-
cil, which he first moistened with his lips,
and then offered to his interlocutor.

"Excuse me," was the laughing response;
"it's too dark—I can't see either to read or
write. But what made you a politician?
Haven't you got a trade?"

"Trade! yes," replied Brush, contempla-
tively; "but what's a trade, when a fellow's
got a soul? I love my country, and I want
an office—I don't care what, so its fat and
easy. I've a genius for governing—for telling
people what to do, and looking at 'em do it.
I want to take care of my country, and I want
my country to take care of me. Head work
is the trade I'm made for—talking—that's
my line—talking in the streets, talking in the
barrooms, talking in the cigar-cellars. I
travelling the greatest for the wagon wheels
of the body politic and the body corporate,
and nothing will go on well till I've got my
say in the matter; for I can talk all day, and
most of the night, only stopping to wet my
whistle. But parties is all alike—all un-
grateful; no respect for genius—no respect
for me. I've tried both sides, got nothing,
and I've a great mind to knock off and call
it half a day. I would, if my genius didn't
make me talk, and think, and sleep so much
I can't find time to work."

"I'll still the stranger, if you must
find time to go away," said the boy.
"How would you like to go before the may-
or?"

"No, I'd rather not. Stop—now I think
of it I've asked him before; but perhaps if
you'd speak a good word, he'd give me the
first vacancy. Introduce me properly, and
say I want something to do—something to
do—something to do—I want something to
get; my genius won't let me work. I'd like
to have a fat salary, and to be general super-
intendent of things in general and nothing in
particular, so I could walk about the streets,
and see what's going on. Now, put my leg
before me—say how I can make speeches,
and how I can hurry at elections."

"Away with you," said the stranger, as he
ran up the steps, and opened the door.
"Make no noise in this neighborhood, or
you'll be taken care of soon enough."

"Well, now, if that isn't ungrateful," so-
liloquized Brush—"keep me here talking,
and then slap the door right in my face—
That's the way politicians serve me, and
I'm thankful I'd a right to expect. Oh, phar-
se! a world—such a people!"

Peter pulled up his "circular recommenda-
tion," put it in his hat, and slowly sauntered away.
As he is not yet provided for, he should re-
ceive the earliest attention of parties, or dis-
appointment may induce him to abandon both,
take the field "upon his own hook," and con-
stitute an independent faction under the com-
mand of the "Brush party," the cardinal prin-
ciple of which will be that peculiar novel im-
pulse to action, hostility to all "politicians" who
are not on the same side.

It is said that about 70,000,000 bushels of
barley were used up in the breweries and dis-
tilleries of Ireland within the past year. The
best way to feed the starving poor of Ireland
would be to put out these infernal fires, the
never failing sources of human misery, pov-
erty, degradation and death.

That virtue which depends on opinion,
looks to necessary signs, and could not be trust-
ed in a desert.

The River Rhine, in Germany.

An American, now in Europe, writes to the Boston Atlas, as follows:

"How can I give even a faint idea of the
beauty of this river? Notwithstanding all
I had read and heard of them, I was not pre-
pared for the reality. I have passed the Hud-
son many times, and am constrained to admit
our North River, the Rhine of America, is no
match for the Rhine of Germany—setting
aside the wonderful works of art and industry
of ancient and modern times, and the associ-
ations of the latter. Where our Hudson pre-
sents half a dozen miles of scenery like the
vicinity of West Point, the Rhine has fifty
of such. The most lofty and precipitous
castles, from on you on either side, for a
hundred miles in extent, varied with beau-
tiful cities, towns and hamlets, many beautiful
cathedrals, chapels and monasteries, the river
making various windings among the moun-
tains—some rising abruptly, nearly perpen-
dicularly from the river, others gently reced-
ing, the sides of which are cultivated for the
grape."

It is surprising to see the extent of the
grape cultivation in France, and especially
on the Rhine, where the best wine in Europe
is made. The sunny sides of the mountain
along the Rhine, where a human foot
can stand, are covered with vines, each cul-
tivated with the greatest care, planted in hills,
and trained short to a stick five feet in height.
You will see miles in extent of the vineyards;
and along the steep sides of the hills, terraces
of stone masonry, and steps, which must
have taken years of labor, extend from the
water to the summits, at regular and close in-
tervals, on which the grapes that produce the
best wine are grown. The immense extent
of the vineyards in this country may be seen
if one knows the quantity of wine drunk.
It is used as freely as water, and in a
great measure supercedes it. The common
wine of France and Germany (being the pure
juice of the grape, as is every other kind, and
quite unlike the poisonous compound sold in
the United States,) costs very little. It pos-
sesses not more than half the alcohol of elder,
or the pernicious effects of the latter, and
where the wine from the pure grape is com-
monly used, and none of the strong liquors,
you will find but rarely any intoxication. I
saw but few cases during my stay in Paris
of two months."

He has Enemies.

We never hear the remark made of a man,
"That he has a great many enemies" with-
out feeling desirous of his acquaintance. We
are sure to find him, in many respects, a re-
flecting character. A man who plods along in
the same track of his forefathers—who never
breaks away from the traces of experience,
and who thinks and writes with the same
pen, and from the same model, that his grand-
father used, seldom if ever gains an enemy.
But he who thinks for himself, is something
of a genius, and has talents of a high order,
is sure to find enemies at every corner. A
truthful paragraph that he has written—daring
view that he has denounced—of a sense
of the superiority over themselves, in-
duces many to say severe things of him, and
bring his good name into contempt. When
lived the energetic, active, talented man, who
had no enemies? Even perfection itself, in
the life of Christ, was ridiculed, spoken
against, abused, spit upon, and cast away!

A man who has no enemies need not relax
his efforts nor presume that he is in the worst
of men that ever lived. If he is upright in
his dealings, and benevolent in his dispo-
sition, obliging and accommodating to all classes,
as he must have the approbation of a good
conscience, and his sleep will be refresh-
ing.

We would not give a farthing for the man
who has no enemies; who panders to the
depraved appetites of the bad and pretends to
uncommon sanctity among the religious—
who never denounces sin, for fear of a frown,
or expresses himself as a friend to virtue, lest
he be ridiculed. No—give us the faithful in-
dividual who sustains the right at fearful
odds, and speaks out boldly when vice comes
in like a flood. Such a man is honored and
approved by Heaven, and always extend
to him the right hand of fellowship.—*Saturday Courier.*

THE TOOLS OF A NEWSPAPER.—Newspaper
literature is a link in the great chain of
miracles which prove the greatness of Eng-
land, and every support should be given to
newspapers. The editors of these papers
must have a most enormous task. It is not
the writing of the leading articles itself, but
the obligation to write that article every week,
whether inclined or not, in sickness or in
health, in affliction, disease of mind, winter
and summer, year after year, tied down to
the task, remaining in one spot. It is some-
thing like the walking of a thousand miles in
a thousand hours. I have a fellow-feeling
for I know how a periodical will wear down
the stoutest. In itself, it appears as if the
labor is not manifest, nor is it the labor,
it is the continual attention which it re-
quires. Your life becomes, as it were, the
publication. One week is no sooner correct-
ed and printed, than on comes another. It is
the stone of Sisyphus, an endless repetition
of toil, a constant weight upon the mind,
a continual wearing upon the intellect and
spirits, demanding all the exertion of your facul-
ties, at the same time that you are compelled
to do the severest drudgery. To write, for a
paper is very well, but to edit one is to con-
demn yourself to slavery.—*Maryall.*

THE TURK.—The traveller, Mr. Barrell,
was talking in Constantinople, through a
street not open to Christians without an at-
tendant Turk. The stores were supplied
with the richest assortment of merchandise;
among them he saw one pre-eminent for the
costly array of goods. As he discovered one
or two articles which he should like to pur-
chase, and by doing so gain a full view of the
contents of the store, he proposed to his at-
tendant to enter.

"This is impossible," said the Turk, "as
the owner has gone out."
"But," said Mr. Barrell, "the door is open."
"True," replied the Turk, "but do you not
see at the door a chair with its back turned
towards the street? a sign that no one is with-
in, and that no person must enter."
"But," said Mr. B., "is the owner not ex-
pecting his immense amount of property to de-
posit?"

"Not at all, not at all," said the Turk, "do
you not know that no Christians are allowed
to enter this street without a Turk to attend
them?"

This shows the difference which a Turk
(at least) thinks he finds between his own
people and the Greeks.

Anti-Slavery Books

Kept constantly on hand by J. Elizabeth
Jones, among which are—
The Forlorn Hope.
Anti-Slavery Alphabet.
Madison Papers.
Phillips' Review of Spooner.
Narrative of Douglass.
Narrative of Brown.
Archy Moore.
The Liberty Cap.
Brotherhood of Thieves.
Slaveholder's Religion.
Disunionists, &c.
ALSO,
Burleigh's Death Penalty.
Christian Non-Resistance.
A Kiss for a Blow.

N. B. Most of the above works can be
procured of Betsey M. Cowles, Austinburg.

Coverlet & Carpet Weaver

BEFORE THE PUBLIC AGENT.
Not for office, but to solicit a continuation
of favors heretofore bestowed from his old
customers, and as many new ones as will fa-
vor him with a trial. As a further inducement
I have this spring obtained several new
figures for my double coverlet loom, some of
which will be put in operation in a few days
from this date. Spin the woolen yarn 14
cuts to the pound, and bring 22 cuts after it
is double and twisted, and 21 cuts cotton No.
6, two double color of the woolen, 24 cuts
blue and 8 cuts red. I am about putting in
operation a loom to weave the same figures
on the half double coverlet as is on the double
ones, which will bring every object and
flower to a complete point. Spin the woolen
yarn for 18 cuts to the pound, 15
cuts when double and twisted, and 14 woolen
No. 5 single white cotton will fill one; 13
cuts No. 5 cotton double and twisted, 2
cuts single cotton No. 5, color the 9 cuts
No. 5 blue will warp one. I put in opera-
tion two new figures on my other half dou-
ble coverlet loom.

Figured table Linen, Ingrains and other
Carpet weaves as formerly at the old stand on
Green street, Salem, Columbiana co., O.
JAMES McLERAN.

May 23, 1847.

FONOGRAPHI AND TONOTIPI.

Wm. C. ALEXANDER would respectfully
announce to the citizens of Northern Ohio
and Western Pennsylvania, that he intends
spending some time in teaching the above
sciences, and those wishing to obtain a cor-
rect and practical knowledge of them can
obtain his services on the following terms:
He will visit any town and give a course
of twelve lessons to a class of any number
for \$30 dollars and his board during the time
of teaching. Or a course of five lessons
(which will give a knowledge of the ele-
mentary principles of the science and enable those
attending to complete the course without any
further assistance from a teacher) will be
given for \$15.

Teachers of academies and other institu-
tions of learning will find it to their ad-
vantage to have it introduced into their schools
as early as possible.

For all communications addressed to him
at Columbiana, Col. county, Ohio, will re-
ceive prompt attention.

Columbiana, Sept. 4, 1847. 6m

THE SUBSCRIBERS take this op-
portunity of informing their friends and the
public generally that they have commenced
the Wholesale Grocery Commission and For-
warding business, under the firm of Gilmore,
Porter & Moore. All consignments made to
them will receive prompt attention. Upon
the reception of such, they will give liberal
acceptances if desired—charges reasonable.

Address Gilmore, Porter & Moore, No. 26,
West Front street, Cincinnati.

HIRAM S. GILMORE,
ROBERT PORTER,
AUGUSTUS O. MOORE.

Cincinnati, May 4, 1847.

Agents for the "Eagle."

OHIO.

New Garden; David L. Galbraith, and T.
E. Vickery.
Columbus; Lot Holmes.
Cool Springs; Mal. H. Irvin.
Berlin; Jacob H. Barnes.
Marbleton; Dr. K. G. Thomas.
Canfield; John Wetmore.
Lowellville; John B. Johnson.
Youngstown; J. S. Johnson, and Wm.
J. Bright.
New Lyme; Marsha Miller.
East Fairfield; John Marsh.
Selma; Thomas Swayne.
Springboro; Ira Thomas.
Haverhill; W. Nicholson.
Canfield; Elizabeth Brooke.
Chagrin Falls; S. Dickerson.
Petersburg; Nath. Tomlinson.
Columbus; W. W. Pollard.
Georgetown; Ruth Cope.
Bundysburg; Alex. Glenn.
Farmington; Willard Curtis.<